Pard,or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue,you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
We'l reſt vs *Hermia*,if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turffe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart,one bed,two boſomes,and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*,for my ſake my deare
Lie further off yet,do not lie ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweete,of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning,in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two boſomes interchained with an oath,
So then two boſomes,and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide,no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*,I do not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay,*Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend,for loue and courteſie
Lie further off,in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation,as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchellor,and a maide,
So farre be diſtant,and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life ende.

Lyſ. Amen,amen,to that faire praier, ſay I,
And then end life,when I end loialty:
Heere is my bed,ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her.

Her. With halfe that wi

Enter P

Puck. Through the Forr
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whoſe eies I might app
This flowers force in ſtirri
Night and ſilence: who is
VVeedes of *Athens* he dot
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* mai
And heere the maiden ſlee
On the danke and dirty gr
Pretty ſoule,ſhe durſt not
Neere this lack-loue,this
Churle, vpon thy eyes I th
All the power this charme
VVhen thou wak'ſt,let lou
Sleepe his ſeate,on thy eye
So awake when I am gone
For I muſt now to *Oberon*.

Enter Demetrius an

Hel. Stay,though thou
De. I charge thee hence
Hel. O wilt thou darkli
De. Stay on thy perill,
Hel. O I am out of brea
The more my praier,the le
Happy is *Hermia*,whereſo
For ſhe hath bleſſed and a
How came her eyes ſo brig
If ſo,my eies are oftner w
No,no, I am as vgly as a
For beaſts that meete me,
Therefore no maruaile,tho
Do as a monſter, flie my p